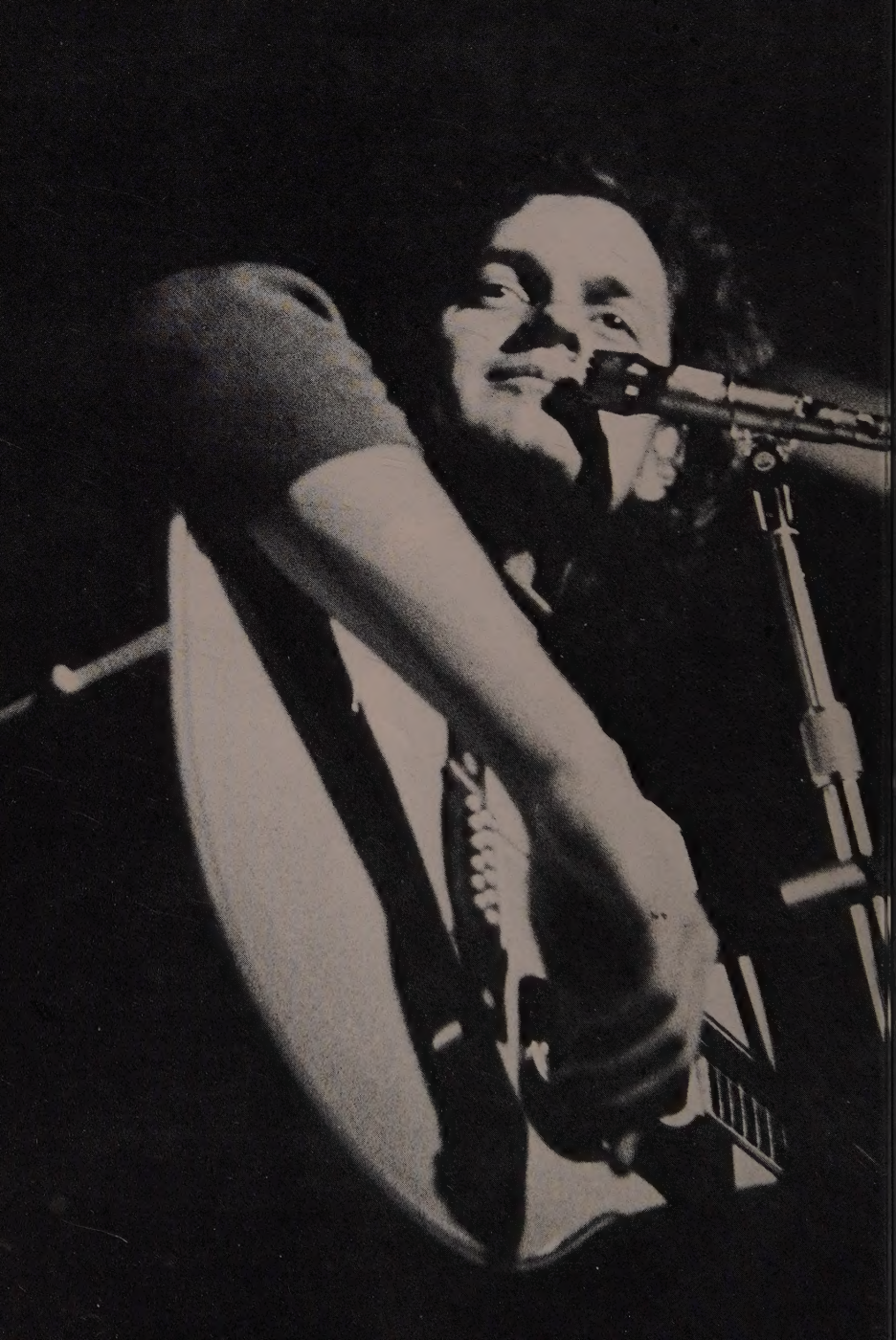





MAY 1973

# youth

"TAXI" WRITER SINGS OF REALITY  
SURVIVING AS A CHRISTIAN  
FILMING OF "GODSPELL" IS HOLY HOOPLA!







# "So I send my mind ahead and hope to follow"

TEXT BY EILEEN STUKANE  
PHOTOS BY RUTH BERNAL

Bananafish Park, a club in Brooklyn, New York. On the wall, the chalked phrase, "Harry, keep the change," is not graffiti, but tribute from the young Brooklynites to a hometown boy, Harry Chapin. The line from Harry's 1972 hit, "Taxi," has grown into a trademark for the 30-year-old singer-songwriter. Fans feel a closeness to him when they can call out the words from the audience. But just as there was much more to Shakespeare than "To be or not to





"I want my songs to look very hard at the realities of life and come out with a positive attitude."

## youth magazine MAY 1973, VOL. 24, NO. 5

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Cover photos by Ruth Bernal



e," there is an extensive Harry Chapin behind "Keep the change."

Attention, aspiring adventurers who hope to shake the world with innovative ideas, Harry has a lot to tell you. Here is someone whose recording career is only in its second year, but his two Elektra albums, "Heads & Tales," and "Sniper And Other Love Songs," have introduced songs that are psychological expeditions rather than sentimental statements. **Billboard**, the trade paper of the music industry, gave its 1973 Trendsetter Award to Harry Chapin for devising a storytelling style of songwriting with a narrative impact rare to popular music." And in March, Harry was nominated for a Grammy award as "Best New Artist of 1972."

Being a trendsetter, Lincoln-sque-looking Harry does everything in his career a little differently. Did he struggle as a studio musician, or work for bookings in the nightclub circuit? Not Harry. In the summer of 1971, he and his brothers, Tom and Steve, rented the Village Gate, a well-known cabaret in New York's Greenwich Village, and The Chapins presented The Chapins. Harry invested money that he had made from his brief career in film making, which was pretty daring considering that, at the time, he had a wife and four children (three from his wife's previous marriage)

to support. But the talent scouts came, and now Harry has increased his brood to five.

During that distinctive summer, the lives of three other men were also changed. Harry decided to form a group for his Gate performances, and asked his boyhood friend and choir partner John Wallace to sing harmony and play bass. (John does the high part in "Taxi" that everyone thinks is a female soprano.) Lead guitarist Ron Palmer came down from Syracuse, New York, and cellist Tim Scott answered a newspaper ad to be with Harry. Harry himself plays six-string and 12-string guitars, so together the four made unique music. By the way, to include a cello in a live rock group is in itself notably unusual.

Working outside the norm paid off. Still, instead of being lauded, Harry is sometimes criticized for having businesslike rather than artistic behavior. What does he think? Above one of his ever-familiar turtleneck shirts, Harry's impish grin appears. "There are logistical things that make a chance for your music to get around easier, and if that's what you're about, you should do them.

---

Eileen Stukane is a frequent contributor to *Good Housekeeping*, *Coronet*, and other national publications, including *YOUTH* magazine.

Ruth Bernal is a New York photographer who likes to work in the world of music.



It's even a more silly compromise to be somebody who is sitting in his garret, playing guitar and singing genius songs to the wall all his life because there's nobody listening. If you have enough ego to sit down and write a song that you think people should listen to, you should be willing to do some of the things that make that a possible situation.

"When I decided to go back into music [He tried once before in 1964.], I was 28 years old, I had had certain successes and a lot of failures too. I had a sense of what the world was about, and I started operating from that kind of goal-oriented position. It doesn't mean that I'm any less committed to my creativity or anything else. In terms of most songwriters, I would say that the beautiful thing about what's happened to me is that, because of the way I worked hard on those aspects, I have not compromised one bit."

Harry stretches his long legs across the carpeted floor in one of the 17 rooms of his 80-year-old "Make A Wish" home. The songs that Harry writes for the weekly ABC-TV children's program, "Make A Wish," have brought him enough added income to purchase the old-fashioned house on the waters of Long Island Sound. Interestingly enough, "Wish's" host, narrator, and the interpreter of Harry's songs, is younger brother, 27-year-

old Tom Chapin. But, returning to the subject of compromise, Harry takes a sip of tea, his favorite beverage, and continues.

"The song that started me in a good way in this business was 'Taxi' which I wrote because I wanted to write. I didn't write it because I thought it was going to be a hit. Beforehand, everybody said, 'There's no way that could be a hit single because: it's too long (almost seven minutes), it got a drug reference, it doesn't have a chorus, it's from a new artist, it's talking about older sensibilities rather than teenage.' Anyway, it was a success. So, to anybody who says, 'If you operate in a businesslike way in the music area, you're compromising your creativity,' I answer, 'It's absolutely the opposite.' If you set things well, you get to do more of what you want, not less."

"It's more romantic in the public eye to have that aura of struggling against an impossible wall of cold and unfeeling people out there, but the fact is that there are people who are willing to listen, if you put it in a context that they can understand. Record companies are looking for people who have something to say, and, although, like with any other area of endeavor, there are some real stiffs, there are good people too. You've got to be able to sort between them and come up with the people who are





"A lot of people feel the beginnings of a kind of helplessness in affecting their environment."

ing to help you.

"It's not supposed to be fashionable to talk about things like this, because an artist is supposed to be mindlessly just worrying about his music and not the rest of the world. Various performers most feel it's noble to not know anything about anything, to be a wild in the wilderness who just happens to have an ability to articulate certain things. It just doesn't happen that way: it's a stance, it's not the truth. Anybody who is

articulating what's going on has obviously done some work at it, and some thinking about it."

During his pensive times, Harry delves into his cast of real-life characters and produces a story song, a piece that tries to explain what it is that makes people tick. His most ambitious work, "Sniper," the ten-minute title track from his second album, attempts to get inside the mind and soul of a madman. It searches to find the reason why. Sometimes the emotional



impact of "Sniper" is so great that Harry breaks down while he is performing the number. Unfortunately, as the recent incident on a hotel rooftop in New Orleans will confirm, the song has not ceased to be topical.

"I think I understand the guy even if I'm not literally going to go up on top of a tower and start shooting at people, and I think a lot of people today can feel that—the beginnings of a kind of helplessness to affect your environment, a helplessness that has gone to a crazy extreme in this guy's head. I'm successful to the degree that I can relate to those things in other people."

Am I—

There is no way that you can hide me.

Am I—

Though you have put your fire inside me.

You've given me my answer can't you see.

I was. I am. And now,

I WILL BE. I WILL BE.

—from "Sniper" by Harry Chapin\*

"I try to get songs to breathe, be human. A lot of songs are about myself, I end up being the villain. I've been blind a lot of times in my life, somewhat insensitive, and I think good writers are able to write about all subjects, even corny ones, in a way that reveals basic humanity—just get to the blood and guts of a situation. I've said that what my writing is is the

city equivalent of what it would be like as a country writer to capture the feeling of running barefoot through a cornfield and having your toes curl in the mud. I essentially am an urban writer and my songs are about the seams of life, where the raw edges show."

**I've had my share of heartaches  
Misfortunes and mistakes  
Occasionally this life  
Has left me battered  
But I can't blame no one else  
'Cause what I've done to myself  
Is the only kind of history  
That matters.**

—from "Everybody's Lonely"  
by Harry Chapin\*

"People who take cursory looks at my songs say that they're depressive, but I think what I do is look very hard at the realities of life, from the sacred to the profane, depressive things to elating things, and come out of that with a positive attitude towards facing them in terms of living a life I would ideally like to have that attitude transmitted. In other words, you can look at the world cold-bloodedly, see all the bad things, and in the end, you can cope with it in a positive way, be goal-oriented, and have an effect; as if I could have my songs do that."

Harry is sincere, and he has an unflinching determinism and self-assurance, but it wasn't always that way for the man who was

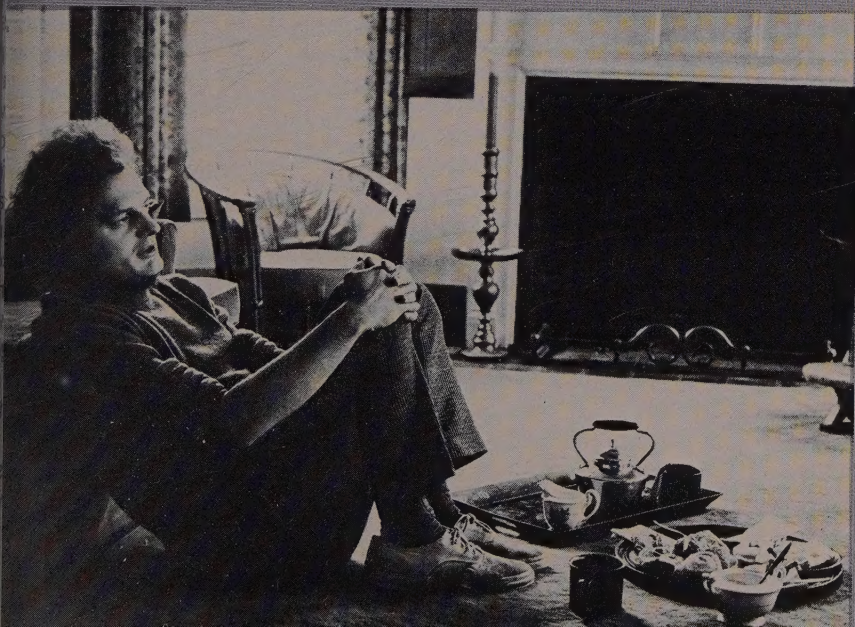


known as "Gapin' Chapin" in high school. "I made a fool of myself so many incredible amounts of time. I was trying, in a different way than the Sniper, to get a positive reflection of my own existence, get people to notice me, because I was insecure about myself. But going that year after year, you learn various ways of affecting people, and you get to feeling that you can be put into a strange situation and cope with it. So, what starts out as insecurity ends up being, in a sense, security.

"I knew a lot of kids who were

terribly secure back then, and because they were secure, they never tried things. They ended up at age 29 or 30 somewhat insecure, because they didn't grow. It's one of those things where the wheel keeps turning. If I get too secure about myself, I will stop growing. This is what happens to a lot of successful people—they stop growing because they think they've found all the answers. Then, as the years go by, five, ten years, they get into the hardened arteries phase of their souls; they start becoming insecure again, defensive, protec-

I try to get songs to breathe, be human. A lot of songs are about myself, end up being the villain."





tive. The beautiful thing about life is that it keeps regenerating, because insecurity, if related to in the right way, can be a tremendous motivational force."

After all the philosophizing, honest though it is, is said and done, Harry Chapin is a warm-hearted, unpretentious guy who likes to read the sports pages and loves his family. And everybody who is close to him gets into the Chapin act. Harry's manager, Fred Kewley, is a college friend from Harry's days at Cornell, the sound crew is made up of Harry's half-brother, witticist Jeb Hart, and another old friend, Rob White. As mentioned before, boyhood pal, John Wallace, plays the bass. Everyone is easily approachable and conversational, traits rarely found in rock groups. But the most unlikely participant of all is Harry—singer, writer, philosopher, and concerned parent.

"The most important thing a parent can do for a child is to give him blind love. Love is not on the barter table; you don't love your child any less because he's been bad that day. And after that, the second most important thing is not to tell kids what to do or how to do it. Be yourself very clearly, be consistently yourself, and give clear signals of what you are. There are so many parents who end up trying to prove things through their kids. I think that's terribly destructive. A parent owes a child

a sense of animal security; a child should know that he's loved, just physically, as an entity."

There are love songs in Harry's repertoire, "Winter Song," "All The Baby Never Cries," to name two, but if he is to continue to be an innovator, we will have to be hearing more from his people, the waitresses, cab drivers, old men and tired women, in his third album. How does he feel about that? "I operate on a double level all the time. I've been around, and I haven't been doing this that long, so in some sense it's happening to me, and in another I'm operating like a reporter. Remember the book about the guy who put on blackface and went down South to find out how it was to be a Negro? Or the 30-year-old woman who posed as a teenager and went back to high school to find out what it was like? Well, I operate a little like that, like someone impersonating a rock star, finding things out by discovering. I have a feeling that I'm going to write a really interesting book in a couple of years about all this stuff."

**Nothing lasts too long  
When I leave it's gone  
So I send my mind ahead  
And hope to follow.**

—from "Everybody's Lonely"  
by Harry Chapin\*

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Il m'a  
mis au  
monde  
parce que  
je l'ai  
voulu  
comme  
un  
enfant.





# A HASSLED TASSEL

a collection of transparencies  
by Doug Brunner



i don't mind  
school too  
much



the long hours  
of tedious  
studying, the  
food, sitting  
on a hard  
chair and  
having to keep  
quiet . . .



i thought  
there were  
child labor  
laws . . .

desks are the  
proving  
grounds for  
young artists



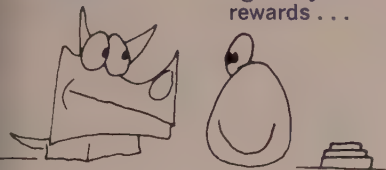
who go on to  
distinguish  
themselves  
by writing  
their names  
on trees . . .



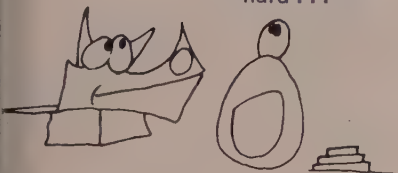


how do you  
study

i give myself  
rewards ...



a cupcake or  
some candy  
for working  
hard ...

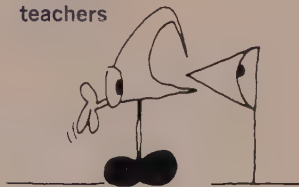


does it help

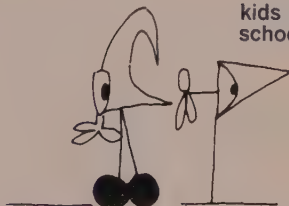
it makes  
studying a lot  
more palatable



who are your  
favorite  
teachers



most of the  
kids in the  
school



there is one  
basic problem  
with multiple  
choice  
questions



a) you begin  
to look at all  
decisions that  
way

b) you don't  
begin to look  
at all decisions  
that way



c) you begin  
to look at life  
that way

d) none of  
the above



are you ready  
for the test

i didn't have  
enough time to  
study . . .



so i made a  
cheat sheet



you sure fit a  
lot of stuff on  
that little  
piece of  
paper . . .

thanks, it took  
me hours . . .



this is it?



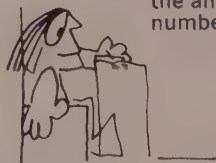
i don't  
remember  
being told to  
study any of  
this . . .



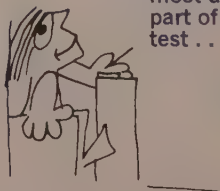
all that work  
and the final is  
incomprehens-  
ible to me



wait, i know  
the answer to  
number two

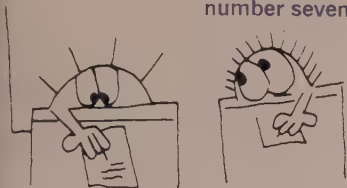


the initial  
shock is the  
most difficult  
part of a  
test . . .





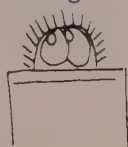
what's the  
answer to  
number seven



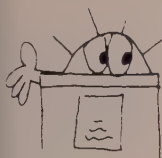
that's  
cheating



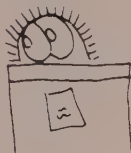
when a friend  
asks for help  
you call it  
cheating



you should  
have asked me  
to help you  
before . . .

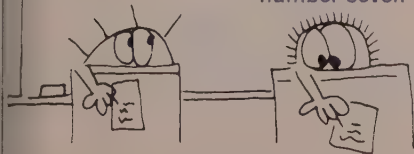


this is an  
unexpected  
crisis calling  
for an  
immediate  
response



no

i guess that's  
a good enough  
answer to  
number seven



they warned  
me but i didn't  
listen



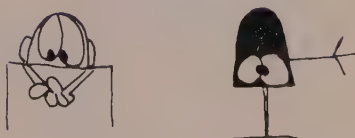
now i'll have  
to pay for  
my sins



judgment day  
is here



to some  
people final  
exams are a  
religious  
experience



i'm going to have to  
rip up your test  
for cheating



you know cheating  
is against everything  
we do here . . .



i was answering to  
a higher authority



the grade

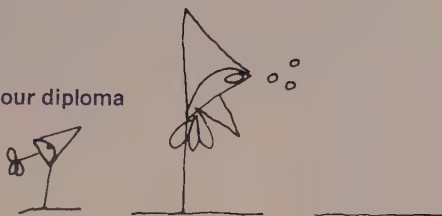




now that i'm graduating you  
can have anything of mine  
you want . . .

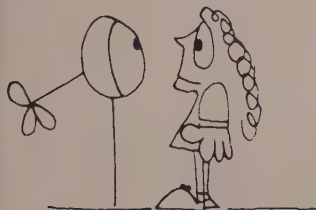


your diploma



now that we're  
seniors what's  
going to  
happen to our  
love . . .

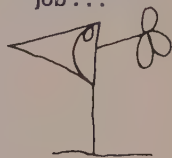
i'll see you at  
the class  
reunion



i'm going to  
technical  
school to  
learn a skill . . .



i'm going to  
college to get a  
high-paying  
job . . .



i'll see you  
on the  
unemployment  
line . . .



# BLACKST

A PORTFOLIO OF POETRY BY STUDENTS



the sounds of drums calling . . .  
in the distance . . . . . far off  
the sounds of drums calling  
their message so familiar and yet . . .  
so unknown  
so near . . .  
still so far away  
calling  
calling  
calling to me a reminder  
its rhythm is my heartbeat  
its pace—the sweet flow of my blood  
never to be remembered  
never to be forgotten  
that silent part of me that gives strength to my voice  
and color to my skin  
. . . in the distance . . .  
far off  
the sounds of drums calling.

—Betty Perry

i would ask you to love me . . .  
but if you knew how . . .  
i wouldn't have to.

—Betty Perry



# LENGTH

## BLACK COLLEGES

Looking at the little girls in  
afros,  
I think of my tears when I  
was small  
Sitting in the big greasy  
leather chair  
In Ada's Beauty Shop  
Wishing I could be ugly  
Like Ada  
Or just one  
More  
Day.

—Betty Perry



*Betty A. Perry  
Junior, Fisk University, Nashville,  
Tennessee*

*I am presently majoring in psychology, and plan to go on to graduate school to earn my doctorate in child psychology. Reading, writing and children are now, and have always been, my greatest interests.*

*Aside from attending classes, I am co-editor of the Fisk Herald, a literary magazine, published bi-annually. I tutor several children in the community and, as a member of Fisk's Writers' Workshop, I have participated in several poetry programs in Tennessee and neighboring states.*

# RELAXIN DOWN HOME LIKE

"Us old folks work our selves  
stiff all day, and to have  
a cold beer when we git home  
Is SHOW NUFF ReLAXIN"

Mrs. Eve Hill

Lord—my feet feel like  
Two pregnant women,  
Swollen somethin aful.

And my legs ain't nothin but  
Stiits                    nohow  
And they feel like they  
bout to keel over and die.

But I can't stop workin

Lord

I can't stop workin now.

Yeah—this day done drawn my  
back to its blessed end,  
All slumped over and everthin

But I can't stop workin

Lord

I just can't stop workin  
now.

But pretty soon you gonna snatch  
that old sun out of the sky for  
me an then I can

Unstop—my stopper

And dump myself down in that  
nachal feel good  
Chair at home and have myself a  
cold beer.

Then I know I be relaxin  
down home like

But ain't no use in me  
foolin myself  
Cause when that old sun  
Breaks away from you  
And climbs back up in that sky,

I got to start back  
workin then

Lord

Can't stop workin  
Agin.

—Harry Bryce



# DON'T ROCK THE ROCKER CAUSE YOU'LL ROCK YOURSELF AWAY

Rockin Chair  
Rockin  
Singin  
Squeekin  
Songs

Where one would think

It would be resting  
my  
grandmother's  
soulful, worked  
mind

Putting her to sleep  
sometimes

Rockin, humin  
Hymns.

But she doesn't rock  
as she  
hums,

Some close relative or the  
Lord

must have told her,  
Don't rock the Rocker  
Cause you'll rock yourself  
away  
So, she just hums.

—Harry Bryce



*Harry Bryce  
Junior, LeMoyne-Owen College,  
Memphis, Tennessee*

*I've been writing poetry for some time now, and have won several awards\*, and traveled extensively throughout the United States and Canada reading poetry with Margaret Danner, who is Poet-in-Residence at LeMoyne-Owen College.*

*"Don't rock the rocker cause you'll rock yourself away" was inspired by my grandmother's objection to my rocking during a Christmas visit. It seemed that the movement of the chair symbolized my too early departure from her home, and more generally, mankind's too swift flight from life—neither of which she wanted to be reminded.*

*"Relaxin' down home like" was inspired by an old lady who lives near my college. She said to me one day after I had agreed to carry her groceries, that she had worked as hard as any man in her lifetime, and that she was not ashamed to say that what was most relaxing to her after a hard day's work was a comfortable chair and a cold beer. I admired her honesty and wisdom.*

*\*Mr. Bryce has won the National Poetry Press Award, the Virginia Union University Poetry award, and the Margaret Danner Poetry Award for southern poets.*

## WHAT DID YOU DO TO THE RAIN?

## I

Years paused . . . they waited  
and were poised in moonlight  
when I turned in your arms  
watching the rise and fall of your evening sigh—  
letting your heartbeats rise up against my own.  
(What did you do to the clouds when they met you?  
How did the cloud-wings settle upon your flesh?)  
What have we done that we are blessed: when  
your eyes smiled love and peace and yes,  
when I paused within my soul to hold there  
my shrine and image of you/  
and then, knowing why,  
I rhymed with you in the wonder of madness  
and the inarticulated speech of the far-off stars  
and the sky itself opened to welcome us  
and the sky itself opened to welcome us

## II

the open hands, the quiet awareness of calm  
just before storm . . . and like some Bach fugue  
all the chords struck together  
one magnified

magnificent sound

What did you do to the rain  
for the rain was mixed with the dew :  
and tears falling as I met you  
and the shallow gasp of the lake over by the tower  
(where we sat once and watched the sunset  
and you remembered me  
with a leaf  
from the peach trees)  
What did you do the night—  
especially the moment  
when my touch suddenly became  
filled with the awareness  
of your velvet nearness just  
above me . . . /

—Myra "Rani" Hambrick



# SALAAM

*Written after attending an  
(Afro-American Mass)*

warm/warm hush of soul  
the drums  
whispering  
salaam  
grant us peace/  
saw my heritage unfold  
before my eyes  
the graceful motion  
of Black women  
ringing the gifts to the altar/  
I let the incense drift  
into my soul/  
watched the myriad patterns of dashiki  
Chasubles:  
received a small wafer into my being  
and my soul whispered  
salaam  
was aware of union/I was aware of  
a deep, deep, wide sense of being  
within my  
soul/the essence/  
the soul-charms of Afro-loveliness  
depths of mystery  
what  
then  
ever caused me  
to come alive  
in the deep peace that flooded my soul  
and made it sigh  
I am home  
in the newness  
of Afro beauty  
mirroring the consecration of Afro  
graces  
to the Infinite Grace  
and the whisper that summarized  
everything/  
Salaam

—Myra "Rani" Hambrick



Myra "Rani" Hambrick  
Senior, Dillard University, New  
Orleans, Louisiana  
*Essentially I am a romantic. I like  
to see the beauty of what we all  
are, what we contain. Basically I  
write because it expresses me—the  
way I am. I respond to both chang-  
ing things and things that do not  
change. Poetry has meant that I  
must be involved with people, and  
that I love life. I'm a restless per-  
son who writes to get rid of all the  
emotions that stay inside.*

*All this has become one book-  
length collection, With or Without  
Permission, numerous poems still  
uncollected, a novelette called The  
Promise, and close association with  
a Dillard Group called "The Fan-  
tasticks." We create our own pro-  
ductions, and right now I am plan-  
ning a musical. Eventually, I would  
like to work with college students  
in creative writing.*

## BUS STOP

meet me at the bus stop  
for a cup or two of coffee  
/ a mad  
hour of secretly holding hands  
underneath the cafe table  
of smiles  
/ laughter  
of thinning kisses with our eyes  
/ sighs beckoning embraces  
while petitioning voices  
find us  
hurrying  
our eager  
tongues  
in  
conversation  
/ while our  
coffee  
gets colder  
we'll part with one last sip  
together  
hoping to slip away unnoticed  
/ longing to meet again  
—thirsty.

—O'Warrenton Wilson



SHY

darling  
i  
stared at  
you from  
the corner of  
my eyes  
—you knew—  
and for one  
second's full  
ripeness  
your eyes  
met mine  
in  
a mutual  
stare  
and  
your smile  
grew  
slowly from the  
center-most  
part  
of your lips  
pulled the corners  
to quicken  
to a  
full ripeness  
about your face  
you  
laughed softly  
(so gently)  
I  
blushed  
and  
turned away  
—ashamed.

—O'Warrenton Wilson



*O'Warrenton Wilson  
Class of 1972, Talladega College,  
Talladega, Alabama*

*I graduated from Talladega College in 1972 and am hoping to pursue a master's degree in Journalism at Columbia University. My ambition is to become a special reporter for a nationally-known magazine.*

*Through an appeal to the five senses, my objective in poetry is to focus upon universal themes such as love, hate, pain, sorrow, with subtlety and simplicity of style. I feel that poetry portrays life as it records and comments upon our imperfect social order—predicting and instructing life at times, guiding and directing at others. Poetry is man in his environment—in all of its states. Poetry is a living organism—seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling and feeling life with the utmost sensitivity.*

## THERE IS...

...something despicable in  
black weakness.

Tears of submission  
mock

tears of blackstrength

...something despicable in  
consenting to denial of  
blackself.

...in the lyrics

“Something is holding me back

Is it because I’m black?”

There is something wrong  
in blaming the beauty of blackness  
for the ugly in life.

...There is

—Lynne Johnson



# SUN-SHINE

I tried to catch a  
cup of sun-shine  
(for a rainy day, y'know)  
I cd not.  
I wd set the cup in the  
window  
et-the-sun-shine-in  
but it wdn't stay longer  
than a while.  
I wd smile giant smiles  
and think giant positive thoughts  
and share w/someone special  
on a dark day  
but my smiles faded  
oo soon. No sun-shine in my cup.  
I wd try magic potions fresh  
from New Orleans witch-women  
chanting the words just right  
giving myself to the mood  
But I wd find no sun-shine, no  
glow, no golden light to share . . .  
Mind working overtime

I decided within myself  
to become my own cup  
of sun-shine  
to share w/someone special  
on dark days (and light days  
oo)  
' see,  
a woman (dark woman,  
thinking woman)  
at the right time, in the  
right mind,  
can become if  
he wants/tries  
someone's cup of golden  
dark—but still golden)  
unshine.  
If she lets the  
sun-shine in.

—Lynne Johnson



Alberta "Lynne" Johnson  
Freshman, Tougaloo College, Tougaloo, Mississippi

*I sometimes feel so ineffective that I imagine the lives of those around me would be no different if I were simply to cease existence. Of course, these moods do not remain with me long, because as in "Sunshine" I am always trying to "let the sun shine in." I feel that if I can, as the old folks used to say, "brighten the corner where I am," I am going to eventually make it.*

*The line "Something is holding me back/Is it because I'm black?" in "There is . . ." is from a song I heard on the radio. That disgusted me so much—that we sometimes use the excuse of blackness for our bad conditions. I cannot realize every dream I have, but you can bet that it certainly won't be because I'm black. Don't use blackness as an excuse—it's motivational when viewed in the right light. This I believe with every part of me.*

## **BLACK ON WHITE**

You 'pose to be black as the night,

Man you ain't even thinking right.

On the outside you're black, there's no doubt,

But look what happen when you turn inside out :

Inside you're white as fresh clean snow,

Don't ask me how, but I really know.

You ain't black, your mind been psyched,

You been fooled into thinking white.

*—Nicholas Palmer*



## RIGHT ON, BE FREE

Man, have you noticed them black attitudes, they're really out of sight.

It seems that our Black Brothers are coming to the light.

The cry for Black Power, like fire has spread across the nation.

It's even spurred that Red Man up on the reservation.

Right on, Be free, and Straight Ahead are slogans that they use,

We're tired of being kicked and shoved, spit upon and abused.

Black organizations little have grown up big and strong.

The Panthers are doing their own thing though people say they're wrong.

Black People have become tired of being told to wait,

So now they're speaking out in even the deepest southern state.

With all this going on, how can you sit idly by?

Go ahead and join the movement, it's right in front of your eyes.

Even over in Africa those black folks want to see,

We, the Brothers of America, move right on, be free.

—Nicholas Palmer



*Nicholas Palmer  
Freshman, Huston-Tillotson College, Austin, Texas*

*I was born in Delray Beach, Florida, and began writing poetry in my senior year of high school. Now I'm a freshman at Huston-Tillotson College in Austin, Texas, and still writing poetry, although I don't spend very much time at it.*

*I wrote "Black on White" as a kind of protest when I found out that some of the black students in my high school weren't thinking in the best interest of their fellow blacks. I wrote "Right on, be free" after talking to a friend who didn't realize the advancement blacks were making here in the United States.*

# what does the draft require now?

By L. William Yolton

As of the end of December, 1972, no more draft calls are being made. No conscientious objectors are being ordered to alternate service, and all physicals are cancelled. Men in extended priority (that is, those men whose lottery numbers were reached and who were service-ready but not called up during the previous year) are being reclassified 1-H. This is a "holding" classification in which registrants are not currently subject to processing for induction.

All personal appearances and appeals are cancelled, except for those in the 1973 First Priority Selection Group with lottery numbers 100 or under. Selective Service aims to classify this group in case they are needed. This means that those men in the process of requesting and receiving a personal appearance or filing and making an appeal will find their cases **currently** arrested, but no

one can legally be inducted at a later time without the hearing he has requested. He will not have to repeat the request.

Young men still must register within thirty days before or after their 18th birthday. Registrants are no longer required to fill out Form 100, the old, longer basic information form. Instead, a simple registration process, Form 7, provides a "Status Card" which tears right off the form (replacing the old "Registration Card" and "Classification Card") and initially shows the registrant classified at 1-H. After further information is supplied, those who are eligible for lower classifications (i.e. 4F, 4A, 4G, 1W, 4W, 1D, 1C) may be issued a new status card. Further information can be supplied to the local board in two ways: either at the initiative of the registrant, or in response to issuance of the Current Information Questionnaire.





# Join Go now later.

Your future, your decision.

four months later.

ARMY RECRUITER

Ed Eckstein

Form 127. After lottery numbers are determined in the year one becomes 19, this form is automatically sent to those whose numbers are below the "1-H cut-off" point for that year, officially known as below the Administrative Processing Number.

If the draft goes to "standby status" (after it comes up for renewal in Congress on June 30), registration and classification will continue and those who are in service-ready classifications with low lottery numbers may be given physicals. (Selective Service would like to keep a ready pool.) If the equal rights amendment is ratified, women would have to be included in the draft system, just as men have been.

Independent draft experts advise persons who think that they are conscientious objectors to obtain current information about this option and file a claim by let-

ter with their local board, even if the Selective Service System does not process these claims. Information on this option can be obtained from: CCCO (an agency for military and draft counseling), National Office, 2016 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19103, Midwest CCCO, 711 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. 60605, Western Regional Office, 140 Leavenworth St., San Francisco, Calif. 94102, Southern Office, 848 Peachtree St., N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30308; NATIONAL INTERRELIGIOUS SERVICE BOARD FOR CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS, 550 Washington Building, 15th and New York Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005; or from the national headquarters of your church denomination. □

L. William Yolton is Secretary of the Emergency Ministry on Conscience and War, Dept. of Church and Society, United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A.

January 27, 1973

This has been proclaimed as a day of peace—  
the day of peace

## REJOICE?

Rejoice?—What causes that response inside  
of me—I am not joyful or happy—my conscience is  
burdened and my mind is a mass of jumbled and mixed responses.

What does war do to people anyway—  
in the deepest corners of their lives—  
or mean as they reflect on their humanity?  
Can we answer that?

We have never in our secure and safe  
existence  
known the horror and inhumanity of war—  
of what that terrible world institution can do to  
one in the depths of his reality.

How can we sit back and insist we have an  
honorable peace?

That means we have been in an  
honorable war.

In ways we have put it in those terms  
because we honor violence and the  
institutions that carry out violent acts.

We can't answer about war,  
because we are incapable of perceiving inside ourselves  
what effect it has on the history of mankind.

What does peace do to people anyway—  
in the deepest corners of their lives—  
or mean as they reflect on their humanity?  
Can we answer that?

We have never in our threatened and fearful  
existence

known the beauty and humanness of peace—  
of what that illusive world institution could do to  
one in the depths of his reality.

How can we sit back and insist we have been out  
making the world safe for democracy?  
That means we should be in a land where  
the principles of democracy are practiced.  
There are times when this isn't the case,  
or we honor men and systems that often  
oppress and shut out the ways of freedom and democracy.  
We can't answer about peace,  
because we are incapable of perceiving inside ourselves  
what effect it might have on the history of mankind.

A peace  
obligates us to certain actions toward one another—  
it obligates us to bind our wounds and restore wholeness  
from the rubble of  
brokenness—  
it obligates us to learn  
to live as though we were  
brothers,  
as if we in some way could really pull off that love  
we are supposed to have for one another  
but have such a hard time finding.

REJOICE?

Perhaps,  
just maybe in the kind of renewed hope  
that the promise of peace  
brings into the lives  
and the life of a broken and seemingly dying world

Perhaps,  
in that hope and expectation

REJOICE!

—Angela Kelly, 19, Canton, Ohio



# DOROTHY DAY

## witness to a radical faith

Interview and photos by Bob Fitch

Dorothy Day is 75 years old, a faithful Roman Catholic, a revolutionary, a pacifist, an editor of a controversial publication, co-founder of a 40-year-old movement that has pioneered in social reform, and a woman of charity who lives the life of poverty.

When she started the Catholic Worker movement in the 1930's to support the right of workers to organize, she was labeled a "communist," but today labor unions are commonplace. She was considered a heretic when she taught lay people that they were the church, but years later Vatican II affirmed the role of the laity. Her anti-war support of conscientious objectors was one candle that lit the way for the Roman Catholic Church's more open acceptance of those who oppose war. Her publication, the *Catholic Worker*, has seen many of its policies, often espoused in loneliness and disgrace, now become an accepted part of Catholic life.

Ever since her conversion from communism to Catholicism at the age of 31, Dorothy Day has been rigorous in living the gospel teaching of the two great command-

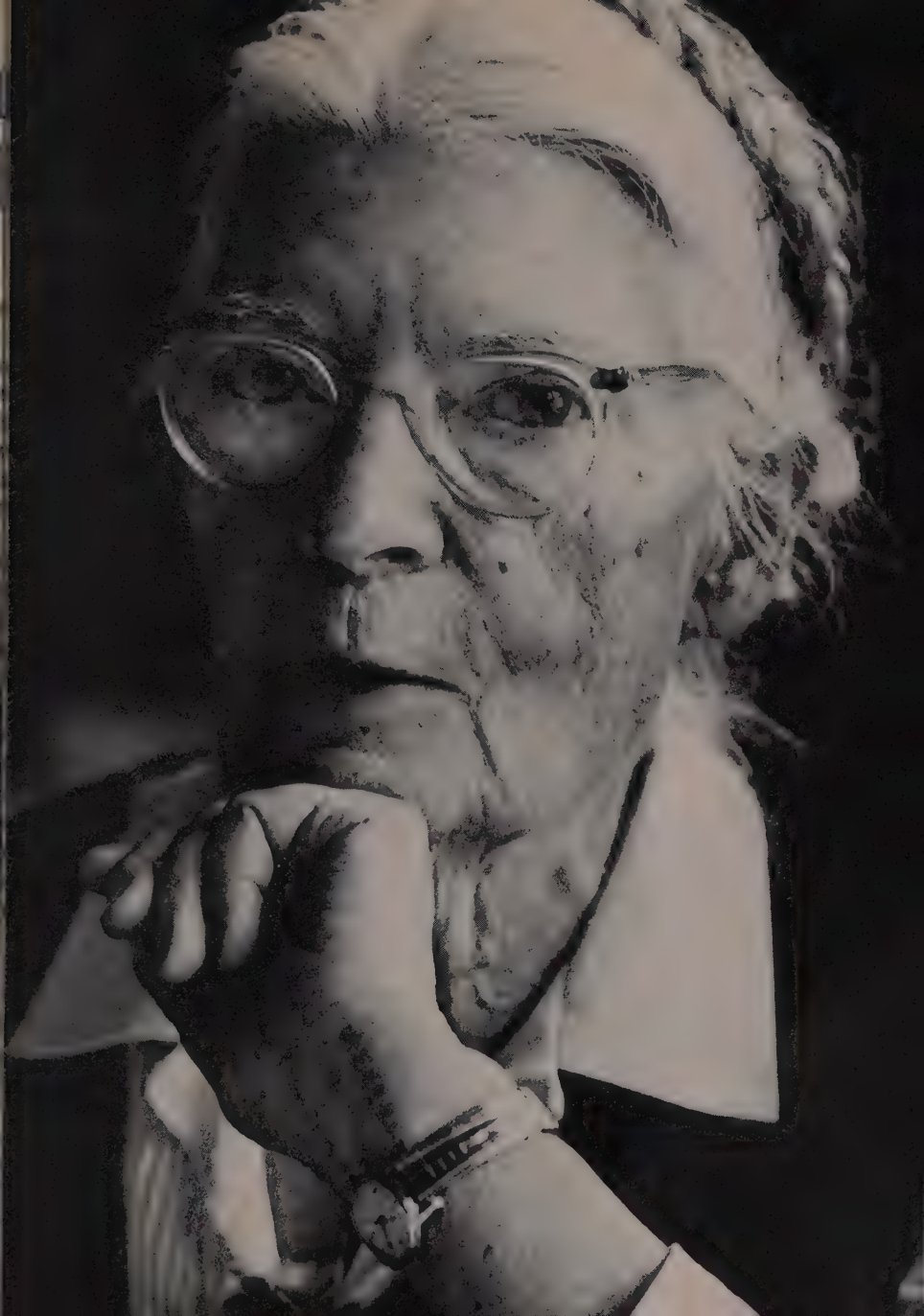
ments—to love God and to love her fellow human beings. She is faithful to the church—its discipline of prayer, its authority and its strength in the communion of believers. Despite her restlessness with its weaknesses, she steadfastly lives and works with the church.

In her daily life, Dorothy Day literally believes Matthew 25:34 by trying to see Christ in "the least of these brothers of mine." She knows poverty, imprisonment and persecution from personal experience. She lives among the poor. The C.W. hospitality houses around the country have aided thousands of needy people, have fought injustices, and have built spiritual cells that inspired many.

When she gets discouraged by the vastness of the work to be done and how few there are to do it, she finds faith and comfort in the realization that "a thousand years are as one day in the sight of the Lord, and Christianity is only two days old."

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Bob Fitch is a free-lance photographer and journalist who is author of several books and frequent contributor to national publications.



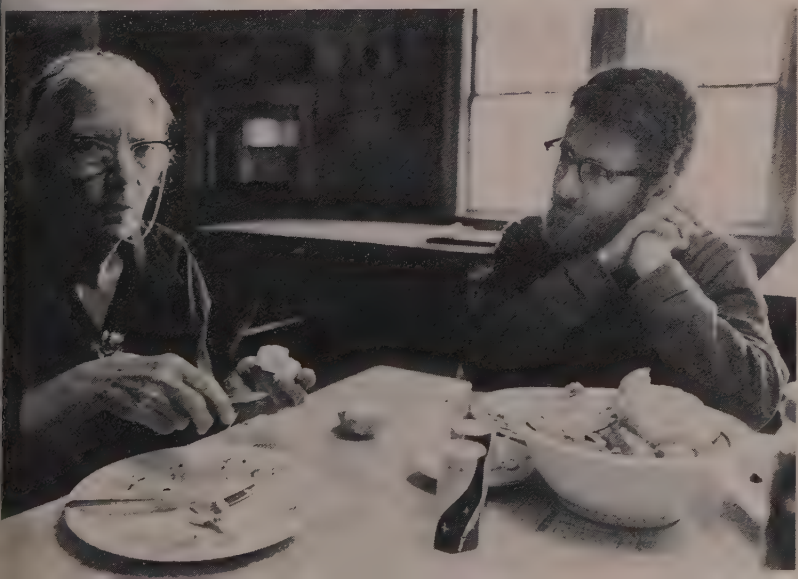
## TALKING BACK

St. Teresa of Avila is a modern saint who died in 1897, the year I was born. But that's not the reason I'm fond of her, or turn to her. She traveled all over Spain, and formed monasteries. She said, "Life is a night spent in an uncomfortable inn." And she and her sisters spent many a night in an uncomfortable inn, probably sitting up all night with stinking drunken mule drivers. Despite her hardships, she kept her sense of humor. One time she fell into a stream and just looked up at God, and he said to her, "That's the way I treat my friends." And she looked up to heaven and said, "That's why you have so few of them." It reminds me of "Fiddler on the Roof" where the man asks God, "Why can't you make me a rich man? Why do you make so many people poor?" My granddaughter said to me the other day, "I like the way he talks back to God." That's the way the Jews did—talk back to God—in prayer!

## LITTLE THINGS

Little things add up to big things—like serving bowls of soup, washing dirty dishes, keeping bathrooms clean, helping people pull themselves together, sitting down and enjoying good conversation with people, making everybody part of the family. And it all adds up to such a little way of doing things, yet it was worth it all working tremendously towards establishing brotherhood, you see? Each person begins to feel part of a family of man, a community. We must show respect for each other and for each other's abilities, no matter how small they may seem to be . . . Suddenly you know that each and every person that you come in contact with is made in the image and likeness of God. The Quakers have that sense when they say "that which is of God in every man." And that's the thing we should be looking for. And it's beautiful. You keep on coming across it.





## A BETTER LIFE

The physical world is what brought me to God, after I had rejected Him for ten years. I felt that our job here was to make a better kind of world for human beings—that we were wasting our time in thinking of pie in the sky. But young people today are more strongly influenced by physical instincts than mental, more by emotional than by moral judgment with its penalties. We have the science to prolong life, to make life better. But look around us, we don't see that. If you're close to the poor, you don't see that better life. If man is able to walk on the moon, how much more he should be capable of in the spiritual world—the life of the miraculous.

## DIRTY HANDS

Be what you want the other fellow to be. Clean up when you see something messy. I go and get my own pail and mop and clean up the bathroom myself. I begin to feel good when one person starts it—like Tom Sawyer whitewashing the fence—even if you hate it, pretend you like it, and go ahead. And you begin to get a sense of satisfaction and all the others come along and want to do it too. Soon it's done and we all go fishing. It's a Benedictine ideal that everyone should do some manual labor—get their hands in the dirt things of life. If one person feels satisfaction, others come along and sense a similar satisfaction. Before long, a fellow who's never done manual work is laughing and saying "I feel muscles aching that I never knew I had."





## CONFESSION

We need to accept ourselves as human beings with our failures and weaknesses, and everything that goes to make up a human being. And to accept it with humility and know that that is what the confessional is for. To keep on going to confession confessing our failures—call it sins. I mean failures in faith—if you honestly try to live up to your faith . . . I think the Pope is bound by his conscience to hold up an ideal that is so high that it's very hard to live up to. That the confessional is always there to confess how far we've failed. There is always absolution, provided you keep on trying to amend it. And that's why Catholics are criticized—you sin, go to confession, do it again on Saturday night, go to communion and confession the next day, do it again on Monday night. But how much worse they would be if they didn't have a confession . . . You go and put down your burden for a while, and know that fresh strength will be given to you just because you've done the difficult job of going to confession. It's not easy to go to confession. But it is a necessary thing. Psychiatry is not going to take the place of it.

## SYMBOLS

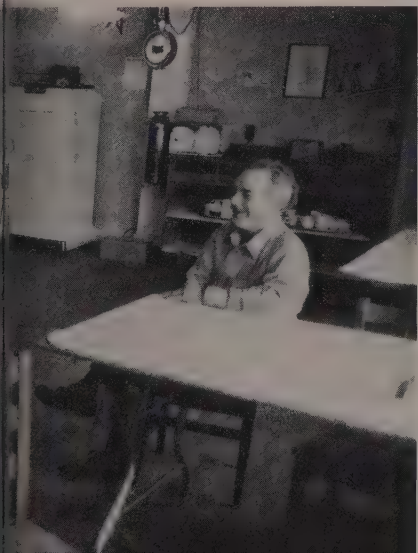
We're creatures of body and soul and all these things physical and spiritual have their effect on us and mean something—like the sign of the cross. To bow, to genuflect, to rejoice at having candles lit, to enter the holy trappings that the priests wear are outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace. That's all there is to it. The physical life of love and all of life itself is made up of minute and intricate physical gestures; why shouldn't the church be filled with physical gestures—stained glass windows, the incense, the candles, the elevation of the monstrance over the people, the vestments of the priests, the sign of the cross?



## PARTNERSHIP

One of the bitter resentments of women is that there's no real companionship and partnership between the man and the woman. All work should be shared. Men and women go out in the fields together in Europe.

Like the pictures in the *National Geographic* of these robust women who look as though they had some strength and endurance. But for the man to come home, sit around, and expect to be waited on, when the woman has been working too, often with the nerve-wracking care of troubled children, it is not fair to the woman. There's too much of that. There's no sharing or companionship. St. Paul says that in the Kingdom of God there is no Jew nor Gentile, neither bond nor free, neither male nor female.



## FAITHFULNESS

God commanded Hosea, a prophet, to marry a harlot. She had children by Hosea but ran away with lovers. But Hosea supported her and took her back again and again. It's an amazing story. But that story goes down in history as the story of God's love for his people and how willing God is to sustain them, to endure their sins, and to take them back. It's God's faithfulness to us down through the ages. If we ask his help, he'll give it. No matter how many times we fail, we can ask forgiveness. Ask and you shall receive, seek and you shall find. And Hosea is also the story about our faithfulness to other human beings. Don't be too quick to judge others.

## SUFFERING

Sometimes we learn only by failure. To make new beginnings, many young people today are enduring hardships, cold, hunger, discomfort, disease. It's suffering and suffering the cross. The cross is the pattern. It's the pattern not only in Scripture but the pattern in our life around us. Lest the seed fall into the ground and die, it remains aloft. But if it dies, there is much fruit. And so our life is going to be a dying and a suffering. And that's why St. Paul says "Rejoice." We can never get away from the fact that Christ took on our human nature and died and rose again.

## DEATH

It's not after death we're afraid of. We believe in a merciful God—a God who loves us. We believe He forgives 70 times seven. We believe that there is a purgation. What we're really afraid of is the moment of death—how we're going to die. We're afraid of pain. I think that's the only fear we have.





YOUTH FEEDBACK

# Faith is a personal thing

Religion is a very personal thing. So often it's so personal that you don't tell anyone how you honestly feel. Sometimes it's because you're not sure in your own mind. Sometimes you fear the response if your viewpoint differs from that of your friends or family. But even when you're sure and secure and you try to live what you believe, you find it's not easy. Some of you take religion so much for granted that





# made public

natural part of you. But it is a struggle, whether subtle or silent. And you turn to those around you for support, for testing, and for understanding. Hundreds of young people were asked by YOUTH magazine about the reality of the Christian faith in their everyday lives and on the following pages are samplings of their replies. Do you agree with them?





# *What makes it hard for to be real in your everyday*

There are so many other things I think about. Sometimes it's really hard to think about God whenever a history report is on your mind.

—Julia Johnson, 14, Chico, CA

The youth in my community put me down for believing in any church. But I still believe and shall always believe. —Jackie Woolf, 16, Juneau, Alaska

When something happens there is always a scientific way of explaining it. People look to science for explanations first, then to God.

—Lynnette Drinousky, 16, Traer, IA

It seems that most young people now "getting into" Christianity are classified as "Jesus freaks." We're put down because many people think it's just a kick for us: they don't want to believe or accept our Christian actions or attitudes as real. They also tend to put us down because we are straying from traditional forms of worship, etc. It makes it difficult to love in such a hateful environment.

—Randy Drew, 18, Castleton, VT

The majority of kids are only concerned with what will give them the fastest and easiest thrill. They're afraid to enjoy life and try doing something creative or unique for a natural high.

—Janell Schrock, 17, Harmony, MO

God is intangible—I can't reach out and touch Him, or have Him hold me tightly—and He doesn't talk back.

—Kathryn Radtkey, 16, Miles City, MT

I find it hard to believe Jesus is God. He seems like a great man, the greatest prophet. I wonder where have the prophets gone? They seem to have "ended" after Jesus. Some people insist Jesus is the only way, but what about Buddha's eight-fold path? Hinduism is certainly as "right" and as concerned about life. I haven't fully accepted all of Christianity, it's more like the great religions each have their own great worth.

—Terry Wahls, 18, Elkader, IA

# *the Christian Faith* *life?*

because when I myself tell someone I meet on the street that "I love them" or just wave at them, very often they laugh, reply in dirty language, or ignore me. It hurts, so I tend to withdraw.

—Susan Briggs, 16, Anthony, Kans.

so many other people are living successful lives without any faith in God. It makes you wonder whether there really is a God who cares. You also see people that are living good Christian lives and yet they get struck with tragedy. Sometimes it doesn't make sense.

—Darlene Schlundt, 16, Michigan City, Ind.

the difficulty comes from the way in which we are taught. Rather than being taught Christian ethics, given a way to think through problems, we are told to read the Bible and listen to the sermon.

—Kristine Cottom, 17, Chaska, Minn.

is not hard at all. It's very real to me. I can't get through a day without talking to the Lord. I speak to Him and I'm answered. It's easy to do. All you got to do is open your mind and your heart and let the Lord come in. Welcome Him. He won't bite!

—Daniel Drass, 18, Ft. Jackson, S.C.

is hard because churches get too hung up on the mechanics of worship and people who belong to a church don't communicate enough because many don't know each other. —Paula Moline, 16, Peoria, Ill.

the fact that Christianity stresses love and respect for people in a society that stresses getting ahead at the expense of other people. You have to make a choice as to which is more important—people or success. Actually, a true Christian finds success (fulfillment) by living his faith.

—Tom Cardwell, 19, Lincoln, Nebr.

the inhuman things being done everyday, like factories pouring garbage into our air and water; murders; the Irish fighting over religion!

—Cheryl Mann, 15, Wickliffe, Ohio

# *If the Christian Faith how were you most helped*

My parents are Christian, as are the majority of their friends. I look at their lives and see their marriages are happy. Their children, although not always agreeing with them, have good relationships with them.

—Beverly Horsley, 17, Lamoni, IA

Just by going to church and discovering God. It did not happen through Jesus freaks; that would have turned me off.

—Dave Cruthers, 17, Norwich, CT

I feel closer to God and faith when I'm in the Colorado mountains—beauty and creation are everywhere!

—Jane Trigg, 16, Colorado Springs, CO

At our Sunday school, we were open and honest with each other. We discussed things like love, sex, and human relationships.

—Virginia Theiss, 15, Worthington, OH

Through praying when times were down and growing through the hard spots of life.

—Cindy Mejdell, 16, Corvallis, OR

An Episcopalian minister who was more of a friend than a clergyman—he was there to rap with all the time. He really had Christian love in his heart and I knew its source was God.

—Randy Drew, 18, Castleton, VT

Sometime in your life something terrible (really crushing) happens, then you turn to God and after this you usually have a different outlook toward the faith.

—Kathy Kuhn, 17, Bucyrus, OH

By standing up for my convictions, then I was able to realize what I truly felt and believed.

—Amy Meadows, 13, Louisville, KY

I broke up with my girl, was feeling really low, and found comfort in knowing God still loved me.

—Myles Cahoon, 17, St. Johnsbury, VT



# *important to you, to feel this way?*

People need meaningful, practical applications of the faith, not lofty platitudes. For me, the Christian faith was shown to be of social relevance.

—Scott Millis, 16, Vermilion, Ohio

My parents and Catholic school background helped me. Also, changes since Vatican II helped, even though there are still many flaws.

—Maria Basile, 15, Cambria Heights, N.Y.

Through an encounter group I learned that people are beautiful and love can flow from all if they are reached.—Lynn Jablonski, 17, St. Louis, Mo.

I realize that God gives each one of us a cross to bear, each of different weight. Only through carrying our cross with faith and trust in God, can we succeed. I was most helped to feel this way by my experiences working with the physically disabled.

—Rhonda Raifsnider, 18, Fremont, Ohio

Love nature and God made this for my eyes so I am trying to find out what else he did for people.

—Philip Trev, 15, St. Louis, Mo.

My youth group—experiences, and raps that we've had together that made me stop and think about my faith.

—Barb Platts, 15, Madison, Wis.

The people I most admire and respect today are those who try hardest to live a Christian life. These people are selfless and caring and will help you whenever you need it.

—Tom Cardwell, 19, Lincoln, Nebr.

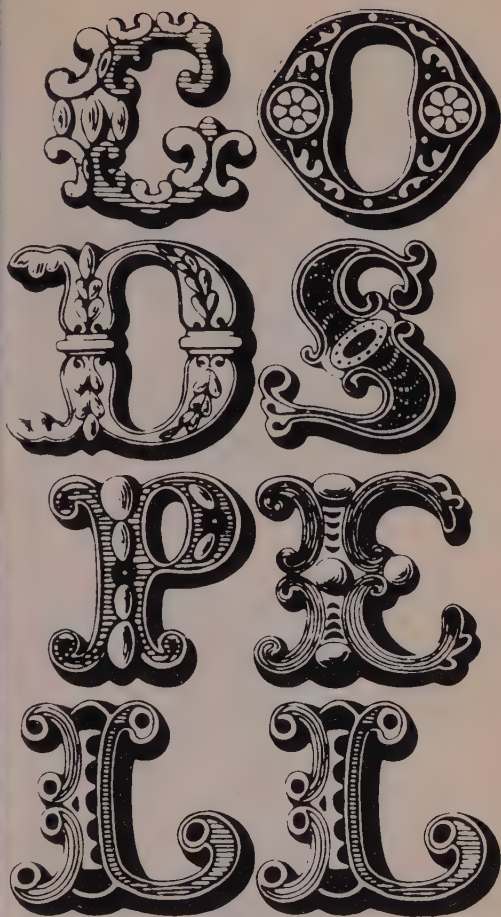
I don't know what Christian faith means, but I do believe in and know a friend in God.

—Cheryl-lin Dormady, 16, Cocoa Beach, Fla.

The feeling inside of me, strong and powerful, made me feel full of love to give.

—Susie Bornor, 17, Athens, Mich.

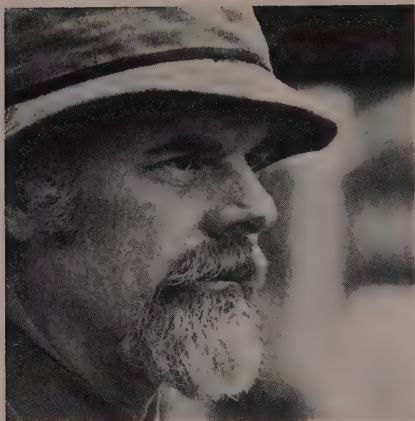




An interview with the director  
of the new film version  
by Frederic A. Brussat

*Photos permission of Columbia Pictures*





David Greene, director



*The joyful songs and the exuberant performance of "Godspell" have been sweeping the land. Now that "Godspell" has become a movie, its contagious spirit is due to spread even deeper.*

*The man who has translated the successful play into a film is Director David Greene. Born, educated, and trained in England, he first won acclaim as a TV director in Canada before he came to the States where he won Emmys for his direction of "Twelfth Night" (Hallmark Hall of Fame) and "The People Next Door" (CBS Playhouse).*

*"Godspell" is the sixth movie he's directed. He co-authored the screenplay with John-Michael Tebelak who created the original stage version. The*

*picture features the Grammy Award-winning music and lyrics of Stephen Schwartz with the addition of a new song entitled "Beautiful City."*

*We caught up with Mr. Greene in New York City where he chose to film "Godspell." Manhattan provided a diverse and unusual setting—Brooklyn Bridge, the roof of the new World Trade Center, Times Square, Coney Island, Lincoln Center, the Cloisters, a ball park, Grant's Tomb, tug boats, the Statue of Liberty, a penthouse swimming pool, the Bethesda Fountain in Central Park. Mr. Greene said he lost some weight during the exhausting location chase. But, as you'll see from our conversation, it was worth it all!*

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Frederic A. Brussat is Editor of the Cultural Information Service, affiliated with the Lutheran Church in America.

*What do you see as the major difference between the stage version and the film version of "Godspell"?*



Although I am a man of the cinema, I started in the theatre, and I wouldn't dream of saying that the cinema is in any way "better" than the stage. But it is a very different experience for the audience. Theatre has immediacy, the courtesy of the actors being in the same room with you, and sharing an experience with you. The cinema can't match that. But the cinema has thrills which are equally theatrical and valid.

For instance, take the baptism scene. On the stage, John the Baptist baptizes the cast with a sponge and a plastic bucket. I think that this is delightful. In the cinema version he

actually, I spent a great deal of time trying to insure that the differences wouldn't be too profound. I spent a lot of time getting into John-Michael Belak's head. He created "Godspell" originally. And I take pride in saying that the film version is essentially the same as the stage version. It captures exactly the spirit of celebration that makes the stage version what it is. But, of course, I've translated it for the cinema. And the great difference is simply in the visualization, in the making more visual of all the scenes. The point of the scenes and the balance between the scenes and the message of the whole piece remain the same. The visualization—by that I mean the translation into cinema terms—has, I think, brought a lot of things which were in the stage version forward. The result is a clarification of the play.



baptizes them all in the Bethesda Fountain in Central Park. This combination of actors with the natural element is one of the magics that the cinema can offer. I think you'll agree that the scene makes exactly the same point as the action on the stage. We capture that sudden outburst of exaltation in the beginning of the first act, but we have made it in a more cinematic way, in a more visual way. And, also, in a more *personal* way because the film camera can get in close—that's difficult to do on the stage. The film retains the character of "Godspell" as ensemble acting, but because the close-up camera is brought

into play in the middle of ensemble acting, you get many more details than you get on the stage.

*A main motif of both the play and the film seems to be an exuberance and a joy. In the film, you see the cast joyfully responding in a milieu which is gigantic. In a theatre space you're rather confined. Outside the theatre can open things up more.*

Yes, but in opening it up, we have lost the essential "togetherness" of the piece. When I was asked to make a film of "Godspell," I knew that it was an enormous success all over the world, and I asked myself why. I

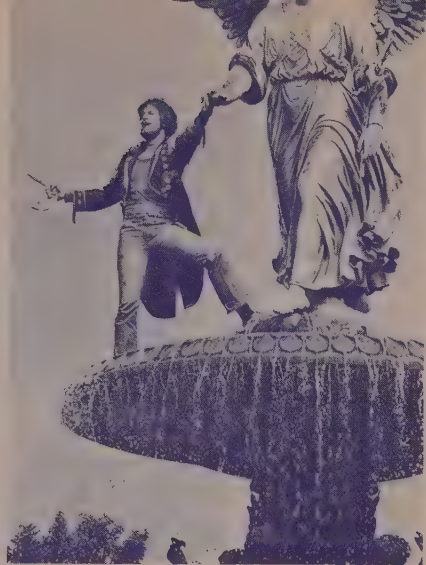




d to pin down the success of "Godspell" in just one word I'd use the word "togetherness." And I was convinced that if the film didn't retain that quality, it couldn't possibly be a success. In order to retain that mood, I had to adopt a certain stance. I wouldn't be a dictator-type director and drive the buggy of "Godspell" all over my favorite locations in New York. Instead, I had to join the "Godspell" family and become its new member—sometimes I was the head of the family, sometimes I was just part of it, sitting around the table with them.

*What did that experience mean to you personally?*

It has a profound effect on me. I'm a fairly strong person with very definite ideas. And I think I may have been becoming a little bit of a dictator-type director. I was drifting in the direction of considering every film as a vehicle for me and my attitude to life. And "Godspell" gave me the experience of joining a group. I was at the helm and steered the film, but I let everyone contribute so it retained its essential family character. The choreographer, for example, made an enormous contribution; I couldn't have done the film without him. Of course the composer, Stephen Schwartz, was very helpful. He'd never done a film before, but he learns very quickly—it takes ten seconds for him to grasp anything new. Plus he's been about every musical film that's ever been made and has an opinion on why certain scenes work and why cer-



tain scenes don't work. He's a mine of information on musical films.

*How did you enjoy working with the young people in the cast? Working with this group of people from Canada and the United States, can you generalize about young people today?* I'm sure that today's youth are different from yesterday's youth but one lives with it and changes with it. I don't think I really see it in a profound perspective as a sociological phenomenon. I think today's youth are okay—especially the youth we had in the picture. We had ten kids whose average age was about 21. They were dedicated; they worked incredibly hard; they got up at five in the morning. I won't say that they didn't grumble, but they worked together in a way that I've never seen people work together before. Their

spirit of togetherness, which I think comes through on the screen, is the strongest quality that "Godspell" has as a piece of theatrical work. It started that way—you know it evolved from a workshop. John-Michael Tebelak wrote it for his thesis at Carnegie Tech. His friends got together to work on the idea of Jesus as a clown who gathers a group of followers and teaches them to clown their way through the Gospel According to St. Matthew. I think I kept the whole spirit of group improvisation. I learned a lot from spending the summer with ten people of about 21 and I hope they learned a lot from spending the summer with a guy of 50.

*Why did you choose to set the scenario in Manhattan when there is so much interest—even by kids today—in escaping the city and getting out into nature? Why do it in an "urban ghetto" such as Manhattan?*

I think Manhattan made a better setting for the film. I didn't try to get any ironical or sociological comment as a result of it. But we did turn Manhattan into the countryside. In the film you'll see scenes of concrete with the sounds of birds in the background. This is the ideal world the city could be. What we did was "unpollute" Manhattan for the purposes of the film. These ten exhilarated kids join the common followers of Jesus the clown and switch off polluted Manhattan in their minds at the same time as I do it in the film.

The setting of Manhattan is not clear of people but magically clear of all the things that people are running away from. It's here the way could be—a playground.

*The particular setting of the junkyard is very dominant in the film. Would you elaborate on your thinking in choosing that set?*

When we were working out the screenplay, gradually the idea evolved that after Jesus had collected a band of followers, they found an junkyard surrounded by a fence—that was where he taught them to clown. We started the visual theme of the picture in the junkyard. Throughout, they just used junk in a childish and inventive way. There isn't a prop in the picture that couldn't be bought in Woolworth's. I wanted a "modest." I wanted everything to look modest. We were so anxious "Godspell" not to become a Hollywood film; we didn't want to make any of the mistakes that films tend to do—the vulgar 50s, films worshipping "bigness"—it was regarded as a saleable phenomenon. People saw it really well made, big films. But they were boring—there's nothing more boring than bigness. "Godspell's" "smallness" is one of its greatest features. So I tried not to make a big film. I kept it basically very simple. It looks as if the kids are doing it, not the camera and certainly not the camera.

you once characterized the film as a mix of "The Wizard of Oz" and "The Little Rascals." Could you fill a little on that?

es, in considering what kind of film was setting out to make, I had to ask myself several very profound questions. I came up with the image a cross between "The Little Rascals" and "The Wizard of Oz." There are touches of "The Wizard of Oz" at several places. At the height of their joy, for instance, the clowns meet the Pharisees and Jesus is questioned by the Pharisees. We turned the Pharisees into one great big, many-voiced monster. The monster is something

like the Wizard—at first he was quite terrifying. "The Little Rascals" in my day were called the "Our Gang Comedies." The humor in "Godspell" is very similar to that type of comedy. It's childish, absurd, silly, lovely, unaffected, and ludicrous. There's a childish innocence to the comedy.

It is one reason why the stage version has been so successful. During the period when I was casting, I went to the play in Paris, London, New York, Washington, Boston, Toronto, Chicago, etc. And I couldn't help noticing in all the theatres that there were always large contingents of two different categories of people—one





group was pre-teen-age girls, 12 to 15-year-olds, and the other group was nuns. Well, they're right, especially the children, because the childish innocence in "Godspell" is something quite rare in the theatre and rare in film too. A childish spirit of fun and celebration.

As you know, "Godspell" doesn't have much of a plot until the last 20 minutes when the crucifixion becomes imminent. It's a celebration. That's why in the stage show they have a wine party at intermission.

*I wanted to ask you about that. Have you been able to recapture that in the film without the audience being there during intermission?*

That's something we couldn't do. We have a little reference to the scene when someone says let's have a party, and they have a little wine on a tugboat going around Manhattan. But it's just something you really can't capture. After all, a film is a different animal—you are not all gathered together in one room.

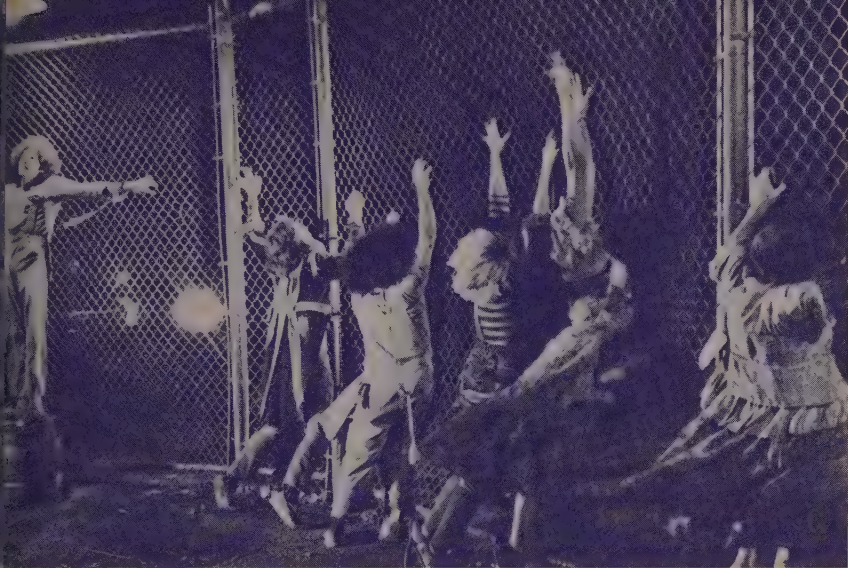
*Are there any special incidents you can recall about making the film?*

Well, some of the work was quite rigorous. The number "All For The Best" is a kind of softshoe dance. I interpreted as a devil-may-care indifference to danger. We do the dance around swimming pools that we nearly fall into and on higher and higher platforms all over Manhattan including rooftops. There's one scene where the two guys are dancing in front of



the Accutron sign in Times Square. It was an extremely dangerous but effective. They had to dance on a platform which is normally used to replace bulbs on the Accutron sign and is only about two feet wide. The boy who plays John the Baptist to come Judas later on was not very happy about heights. Having to do a couple of pirouettes on a two-foot wide platform high over Times Square (I'd taken away the safety bar because it didn't look good in shot) was a very scary experience.

But it was nothing compared to the dance we do at the end of the number on the top of the tallest building in the world, the World Trade Center. I had to have the actors go to within two feet of the roof edge. It was a very cold day, the surface of the roof was covered with frost and even slightly slippery.



It was there that I realized there was nothing I could do—I had to be indifferent to all the bleating of a couple of girls who swore they'd mutiny because I had to have been shot that day.

*What are your own views on Jesus?*  
My father was a Russian Jew and my mother an Irish Presbyterian. And in my youth I went to synagogue on Saturday and church on Sunday. In my adolescence I became what would now be called a Jesus freak. I took Jesus very seriously and, in fact, was a Christian pacifist and conscientious objector and went to prison on Christian grounds. But later on in my 20s, I couldn't accept the institutional religious aspect of Christianity and became more of an agnostic. I've always admired Jesus, and my belief in God is a very important part of my life.

I think I've spent my life searching for the truth, and I'm still quite seriously engaged in this search. It isn't just an idle pastime. My big ambition has always been to do a film biography of Jesus as a man, examining him as a person in a way that would be clearly understandable to non-mystical young people today. I regard him as a genius who was born into a Messiah-hungry world and came to the conclusion that he was the Messiah and spent the rest of his life fulfilling the prophecies.

Jesus saw a whole lot of truths that nobody else had seen before, and the central truth was "Love your enemies" which I regard as a wildly revolutionary idea. I do put Jesus along with other men whom I admire equally—Beethoven, Albert Schweitzer, Gandhi. In other words, I consider the truth as a vast carpet that

various people have seen bits of. Jesus saw a whole part of the center of the carpet which is that "Love is God."

*Then, one of the reasons you decided to do this film must have been your interest in this interpretation of Jesus. Can you identify with Tebelak's interpretation all the way through?*

I accept it completely. I think it's very original and is full of love without any pretentiousness, or any attitudinalizing or holy posturing, or self congratulating, or self righteousness, or any of the things which normally pertain to portraits of Jesus in the theatre. There isn't any melodrama or exploitation of the dramatic side of the story for commercial reasons in "Godspell." I think it's an honest pursuit to the end of a concept which was really born in love—that Jesus was a clown, a lovely person.

*Rouault painted clowns—his paintings have always struck me as having a more serious meaning to the clown image than this one. Which is one reason I don't personally find the crucifixion scene that effective in "Godspell." I don't get the feeling that this character has really suffered. Perhaps you could explain a bit about the crucifixion scene and the ending. Why, for instance, did you choose to use the play's image of Jesus being crucified on a fence?*

I think the fence image is a very strong one. First, we didn't want to change anything arbitrarily. We wanted the place where the crucifixion takes place to be integrated

into the story. So he's crucified the fence in the junkyard. It looks like if he is suffering from electric shock treatment—at least that was my suggestion to the actor. My idea was that Jesus has to suffer with human pain and die as a man. He suffers a modern type of death through electrocution. It can, if you like, remind you of a good many kinds of pain in the world today.

All the kids in the cast rush to the fence to share his agony. The background music is a modern rock song. When Jesus dies. Then, when the music changes to "Long Live God," the clown comes up after a long night, the day shows through the wire, his followers wake up, take him off the wire, and start to carry him triumphantly through the empty streets of New York. It's been an empty New York all through the film. They lift him high, the music tempo increases, the light floods the scene, they start to dance with more enthusiasm. And then, all the people of New York come back into the scene. And, at the end, after an empty New York, it ends up with thousands of people crowding on Fifth Avenue.

The clowns disappear into the crowd. When "Day by Day" is sung again, you get the feeling that they're there somewhere. The message of the finale, I hope, is that if you really look closely on the subway, you can find these clowns next to you, on the streets they could be there, because they're just people like us, young people like us.





# TOUGH & GO

## College maze

In your article, "If You're Thinking About College," in your February issue, you have done a tremendous job in covering quite thoroughly a very complicated topic.

—C.H., N.Y., N.Y.

## From a godparent

I am renewing my gift subscriptions to my two godchildren. We continue to laud your marvelous magazine, YOUTH. Both of these recipients really read and use your efforts.

—M.G., Little Rock, Ark.

## Best yet

The 1973 calendar (January issue) Doug Brunner's best effort yet. We enjoy it and had fun figuring out the pictures.

—J.M., Glyndon, Md.

The January issue is TOPS for Thanks!

—K.N., Ft. Madison, I.

## Oldies revisited!

I just looked over some old copies of YOUTH. You have a very impressive publication. Many of your issues immediately relate to our programs.

—I.Y., Columbus, O.

I need an extra copy of the 1972 edition of YOUTH. I hope it's too late to get one. I have not found a church-related and youth-oriented magazine yet which surpasses YOUTH in content, variety and appeal.

—G.W., South Boston

## Young in spirit

Anyone who believes that youth is a state of mind rather than a period of life cannot help but think, as I do, your magazine is the greatest. Please don't change your honest and sensible approach to life.

Peace and sunshine.

—L.L., Ripon,

YOUTH magazine is enjoyed by those who read it in this parish—including a few not-so-young!

—R.C., Whitinsville, Md.

## True Christian morality?

In the March issue is an article on sexual morality by J. Barrie Shepley that appears to be inoffensive and helpful at some points, but it makes two statements that I feel should be made under the guise of Christ.

ic, nor propagated as Christian morality. Frankly, these are two statements which I do not want young people to read as being Christian, nor the stand of our church.

Mr. Shepherd's quote is: "Sex does not become automatically moral with marriage. And I would not automatically condemn all pre-marital intercourse as immoral. What is decisive is the quality of the intentions of the relationship, and the legal status of that relationship. According to my understanding of man and woman as viewed in the Bible, in modern psychology, and in my own experience, I would say that sexual intercourse which is not the expression of a genuine love relationship involves a use of oneself and of another person which can only be dehumanizing and degrading; whether this happens inside or outside of marriage."

These statements may be construed in several ways, and one of those ways is that sex outside of marriage is condemned, and all that matters is the intention of the persons at that time. Well, we are still defrocking ministers for extra-marital relations, and I think rightly so. Are we now trying to raise a generation of youth who will accept as Christian extra-marital relations? Or do we want them to realize that marriage may be sacred, and that sex within marriage is sacred, but outside of marriage is to be avoided as "sin?" What happened to the sixth commandment? Is not sin sin under whatever guise? Since when did God change his law because man finds he must discipline himself to live within that right relationship? I feel it is a mistake to print this article, as it appears in a "Christian" youth magazine, which can be taken as youth as being authoritative, and if we cannot agree here, then we had better both re-examine the true issues of morality.

Thank you for listening.

—L.A., Great Falls, Mont.

### Forward-looking and explorative

Regarding YOUTH magazine—in general, I want to encourage you. Although you seem to receive plenty of flak, there are still plenty of others who appreciate your forward-looking, explorative articles. Specifically, I appreciate your March 1973 article by J. Barrie Shepherd on sexual ethics. Wish I had read it when I was in my teens.

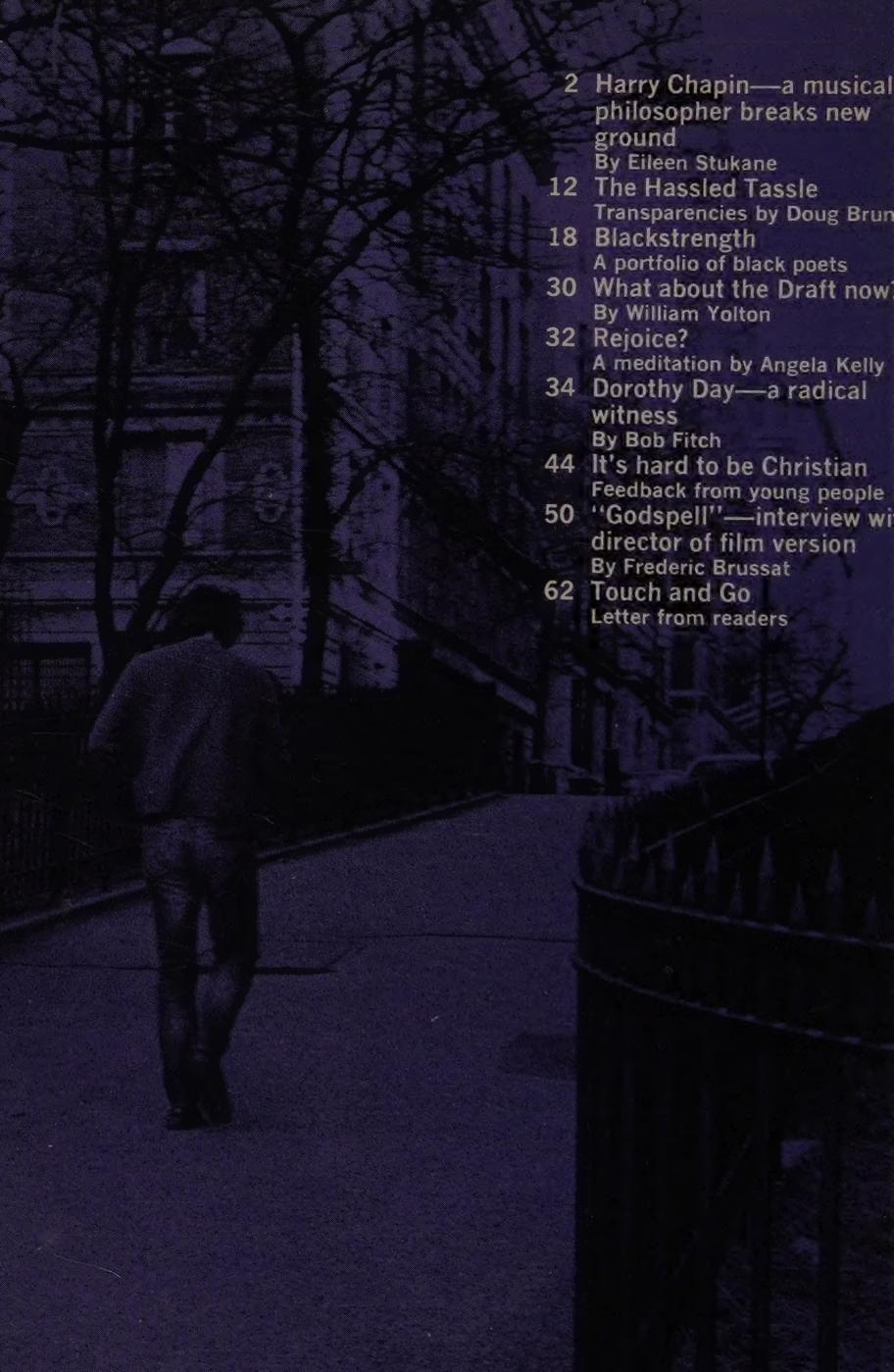
—R.J., Bluffton, Ohio

## WHAT'S AHEAD FOR YOUTH

- Stevie Wonder talks about growing up.
- Drugs is the third in our series on "Ethics Today"
- How fan magazines rip-off young audiences
- "Brother Sun, Sister Moon"—a new film on St. Francis
- Tips for back-packing
- Andy Young and Yvonne Braithwaite Burke go to Washington
- YOUTH travels with the truckers
- "Whatchamacallit"—new teen show in San Francisco

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- A person is walking away from the camera down a city street. The street is lined with trees and buildings. The person is wearing a light-colored shirt and dark pants. The background is slightly out of focus, showing the silhouettes of trees and the structure of buildings. The overall tone is somewhat somber or contemplative.
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